SAWDUST

Vol. III Jan. 1943 No. 1

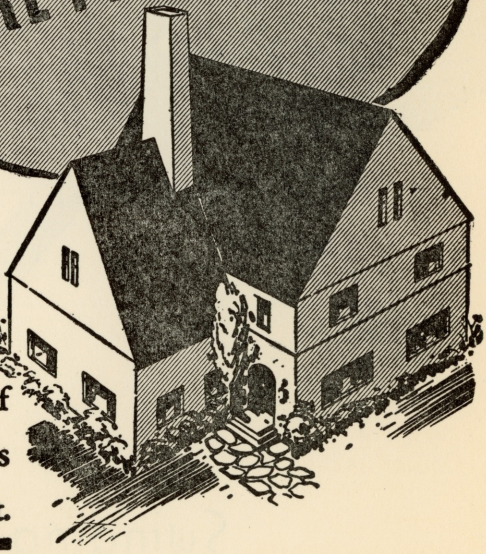
Swinging it

A Monthly Publication Of General Interest Issued By The Lone Pine Lumber & Supply Co. For Complimentary Circulation Among Its Friends, Customers and Customers-To-Be.

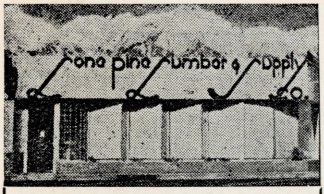
There's no finer all purpose house paint!

FULLER

PURE PREPARED



● The choice of wise home-owners throughout the West.



Founded A. D. 1919
by
Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Dow

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TOM HENDERSON
BOB HENDERSON
J. W. MC KINNEY
CHARLES HARNED
JESSE BROWNE
CLARK O'CONNELL
ERNEST F. LASKY
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E. P. FITZGERALD
LEE MEYERS
ROBERT MECHAM

JIMMY-THE-RED
MASCOT

CHALFANT PRESS
PRINTERS

SON . . .

He has just turned eighteen. Shaves twice a week and maybe a hair or two is sprouting on his chest. He shies away now when his dad tries to be affectionate and we noticed some lipstick on one of his handkerchiefs after a country club junior dance not so long ago. But it seems only yesterday, perhaps it was the day before, that he was a chubby legged kid swinging from the arch of the doorway, leading to the dining room, in a gadget that was something like a breeches buoy and he was sucking at the end of a turkey bone.

He went back to school this Fall, a tall, athletic lad, budding into manhood, but there was something else on his mind besides the football and hockey teams or the little blonde girl with whom he had "palled" around during the Summer. It seems as though he was listening for a certain call—the Clarion call the poets sing about—and, perhaps we just imagined it, but we thought we saw an upward jutting of his chin, a certain light in his eyes, and a sort of rearing-to-go expression in his face.

It chilled us a bit in the region of our heart, when we thought of his discarding the sports coat for the "O.D." of the Army or the blue of the Navy. There was a bit of a catch in our throats as we thought of his putting aside his football helmet for one of steel; of his hanging up his hockey stick and reaching for a gun. After all we still regard him as just a little boy.

They tell us that the eighteen and nineteen year old lads are to be called to the service. When that day comes to us there will be prayers but no tears. We shall not mourn nor shall we be fearful. Rather there will come welling up from our hearts that warm feeling of pride that millions of other parents sensed when their beloved lads marched away. We are no different than other loving parents, nor is our sacrifice any greater.

And let us not forget that they are counting on us. They know that we shall not fail them.

God be with them and their brothers.

—From an Adv. of The Caborundum Co.

SENTENTIOUS ANECDOTES

Shuffle the Cards

"Getting ready for 1943 is like playing a bridge hand. You can't play the cards until you get them. So all we can do is polish our wits and our courage, to handle each play as it develops."—Jack Dionne.

Compliment

"The only unreleased lien which appears on the records is a mechanic's lien filed May 21, 1935, by Lone Pine Lumber & Supply Co. This lien has probably expired by lapse of time, but as Lone Pine Lumber & Supply Co. is a notoriously unscrupulous concern, it might be well to obtain release before closing this deal."—George Francis, Independence, Cal.

Marine Fetters

"There is also the suggestion that Marines returning from the Solomons on leave be assigned to guard the Jap Camps. The proposal has its points."—Walter B. Stafford, Siskiyou Daily News.

Tough on the Skunks

"It is doubtful whether Americans will ever take kindly, or will ever endure for long, a bureaucratic government. Other peoples, nearly all Europeans in fact know little else in the way of government. But in this country where every tub for a century and a half, stood sturdily on its own botton, a government by pronounciamentos, long distance wires, commands by telephone, fiats via the postoffice, and cumbrous instructions couched in legalized English, will be about as palatable for a steady diet as skunk meat."—H. M. Leete, Nevada City Nugget.

Naughtipacks Urged

"Urge more material in the Bandsaw Column for the benefit of the Boys in the Service."—Irving G. Bishop, Los Angeles, Cal.

Milestones

"It begins to look as though we wouldn't see much of Lone Pine and Shangri until after the war. An 'A' book and 400 miles go together about as well as sponge cake and brown gravy. And the only special preference I've been able to get so far is an 'S' book. That's for bicyclers—it entitles you to buy one gallon of Sloan's Liniment a week."—Charles Palmer, Hollywood, Cal.

Ring in the New

"May I wish you for yourself and family a fine New Year. It seems like I must know you, I have heard of you so often from all concerned with Shangri-Putnam."—Nancy Featherstone, Hollywood, Cal.

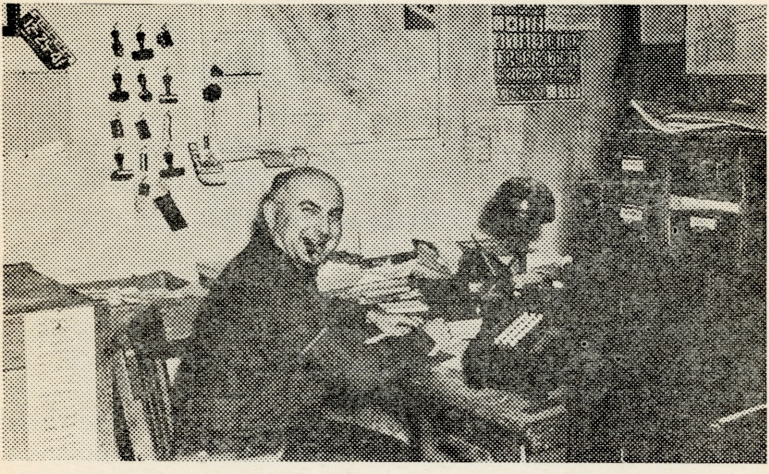
This Bank-Note World

"It looks like we were beginning to finance the Federal Government for operations West of Denver. We have out so much money on Government Jobs we are getting dizzy."—Southern Equipment & Supply Co., San Diego, Cal.

Berlin Must Be Destroyed

"The War has caused many dislocations and changes; however, one that disturbs me a lot is that we have nothing to furnish you which would keep your account open for the Duration."—D. P. O'Keefe, O'Keefe & Merritt Co., Los Angeles, Cal.

NAVY GRABS ARCH REPUBLICAN



Lieut. George W. Savage, USNR,

Quonset Point, R. I.

Dear George:

Imagine a desert rat like you studying the fine points of what to do in case of a shipwreck! Considering the type of publicity job you did for me during my recent Congressional race, out of sheer gratitude, Harry L. Englebright should give you a post at Annapolis. At that, however, Quonset Point is rather close.

I hope you appreciated the water-wings we sent you at Christmas.

I've been told that a ship is ever in need of repairing. Something like a printing press in that respect, apparently.

Both you and Roy French are now in the Service, but it's a cinch you won't be in the same boat.

Did it ever occur to you that possibly the reason Ulysses was shipwrecked on every possible occasion was not because of the anger of the sea-god; but that he was simply subject to sea-sickness? Whenever you sail may the sea always be the tender azure of the unruffled deep. Just in case it isn't, I suggest you carry a bottle of oil on your hip. Neptune's salt wash is made calm and still with oil.

Anyone can hold the helm when the sea is calm. And it's plenty calm back here in Lone Pine.

When the ship of victory comes sailing home, we'll all be waiting for you at the dock, and we don't mean at Cartago.

Regards,

Rudie Henderson.

December 7, 1942

My dear Sir:

For quite awhile past someone in your outfit has had the very kind thought to send me copies of "Sawdust," a friendly gesture which I greatly appreciate. Unfortunately I do not know to whom my thanks are due and therefore address this line to you as an act of courtesy and also in the hopes that as you regularly feature my monkey pictures on the front page of "Sawdust" a few words from the artist himself might be of interest and acceptable to you and your staff. We are many miles apart and your daily life is sure very different from ours here as we have been "in the front line" now for over three years and had to "take it" pretty severely but we are still standing up, full of "pep" and giving it back to the Hun good and plenty.

My service in the last war crocked me up for taking any active part in this one, so I just do my bit by carrying on in my own job, although conditions aren't exactly conducive at times to concentrating on art work. The house I lived in at Eastbourne was wrecked by a heavy bomb just a few days after I moved out here into the country where I look on to the English Channel and we get plenty of "activity" (as the papers say) from the

air. A few days ago whilst at work on another monkey picture I watched a low-flying German plane pass quite close by and the A. A. tracer shells fired at it went over my roof. They got the plane later and it crashed in the sea. It is surprising though how one gets to take these interruptions all in the day's work. My picture has since been finished and posted to Colliers weekly over in your country. The war has been stiff for us of course, taking the brunt of it alone for the first two years, but the tide is turning Okay now that you are in with us and doing a first class job which we in this Country do so appreciate and get a real uplift over.

I do hope this letter reaches you safely and in time to convey my very best wishes to you all for the New Year. Although we have never met I have a happy feeling of friendship between us, and therefore

Believe me

Sincerely yours,

Lawson Wood

To The Editor, "Sawdust,"
Lone Pine Lumber & Supply Co.,
Lone Pine, California, U.S.A.

The Card or the Flag

A farmer arose from his bed before dawn,
His bones were still aching, his tired face drawn.
His boy had been drafted, his hired man too;
His hay needed raking, there was milking to do;
His tractor was broken, no mechanics to work;
In unionized factories, unions taught them to shirk.
His wife and his daughter, worked early and late,
Their hands raw and blistered, from pitchfork and rake.
The loyal and honest, their faith was sore tried,
By numerous talks from a certain fireside.
Ceilings on farm prices, but the blue sky for wages,
The economic monstrosity of history's pages.

Farm labor was scarce the competitive price
For unionized labor, was just about thrice.
The administration however, had made it quite plain,
That labor's demands they would surely maintain.
He thought of the radio, and that Labor Day speech,
When he learned that the farmer was a blood sucking leech.
That farm parity prices, a NEW DEAL seduction,
Should not be determined through the cost of production.
That fifteen dollars per day was a steel worker's check,
Plus a forty hour week, double pay, and by heck
Vacation and tires, by a government decree,
For unionized labor, but not for those three.

Employers are forced to collect union dues,
A war chest for labor, when an election ensues.
When quitting time comes, labor's day's work is done,
But the farmer works on, long after the sun
Has sunk in the west and the stars shining bright
Proclaims it is bedtime, proclaims it is night.
They had worked eighteen hours, his daughter and wife,
But if unions worked half, organizers caused strife.
His son would be shot if he struck for more pay,
But strikes stop production, day after day.
The farmer groaned as he lay on his bed with a sag,
For he realized a UNION CARD, overshadowed his FLAG.

—Ernest G. Dudley, Exeter, California.

Mass Production . . .

Some people wonder what the old Mormon wedding ceremony was like. Well, it went something like this:

Preacher (to groom): "Do you take these women to be your lawfully wedded wives?"

Groom: "I do."

Preacher (to brides): "And do you take this man to be your lawfully wedded husband?"

Brides: "We do!"

Preacher: "Some of you girls there in the back will have to speak louder if you want to be included in this."

Wallpaper

We enter the New Year with faith in our country, for final victory, our friends, and with the hope that normal conditions will again prevail in this world in the not too distant future...With this issue SAWDUST enters its third year of publication...SAWDUST has a fair assortment of back copies that may be had for the asking...In passing, our congratulations to the San Pedro Lumber Company on its 60th anniversary...Who can remember the old-fashioned girl who used to rush breathlessly into the house and gasp that some man had been following her?...With the local calaboose bulging with recalcitrant Japs, our peace officers had no place to stow away local talent that had overly imbibed with Holiday Cheer...Speaking of the weather, regardless of what may ensue from here on out, winter thus far has been marvelous...Notice already the lengthening of the days?...Art Twohy spent the holidays and then some, recovering from an abominable abdominal operation ...Jimmy-the-Red witticism of the month while tuned-in on a conversation concerning his brothers of events seven years ago: "Was that before I was made?" ...Navy variation: Sighted schooner. Drank same...We in South Lone Pine missed the Christmas lights on the graceful tree in front of the High School, thanks to some imbecile swiping them...The annual joint Lions Club-Public Schools Christmas program was outstanding...The stage backdrops by Mrs. Robin A. Blomquist were exquisite...We recently commented to Fred Masters that he appeared to be in an inebriated condition, to which he immediately flared up at our calling him a Jew...And then there's Frenchy Moreau and his gallon jar of kerosene. He dropped into Mills' Pool Emporium with the gallon one chilly evening, sat himself and jar down by the heater to thaw out. Frenchy expanded with warmth, and so did the kerosene. In fact the latter so much so that the glass container exploded. Julius Mahrt forgot that he wasn't the swamper and started wielding the mop. The odor and the memory still lingers...Owen Cooper, printer of SAWDUST recently saw the editor turn his ankle and roll over in a pile of sawdust. Brushing off the clumsy victim, Owen opined drily that here was "an original copy of Sawdust"...The noblest words Man e'er composed, are few and terse, "Find Check Enclosed" ...With the air trainees of Manzanar practicing hedge-hopping over Lone Pine dwellings, Extended Coverage Endorsements on insurance policies bear consideration ...Speaking of insurance, your policy is all that stands between you and a possible loss. Be sure it is always in force...The heaviest loss in the Christmas Eve conflagration was sustained by a person whom we endeavored to insure less than 30 days previously ...Awhile back we were stumbling around in a myopic fog for two weeks while our glasses were being repaired. Joe Cook noticed that something was lacking and inquired when we had shaved our mustache. Tops, however, was the lady who stated we looked positively indecent without glasses ...For artistry in the comics we nominate Harold R. Foster's work in "Prince Valiant" as the best

...Speaking of comics have you noticed how puerile the Rudy Nebb strip has become since the master's touch has been lost by the death of Sol Hess?...One of the newest additions to the Alphabet messy soup is President Roosevelt's PPB (Peace Production Board). We had best win the Battle of the Atlantic and wallop the Japs before devoting our manpower and energies to post-war plans...Manufacturer's inventories of pails, buckets and wash tubs have been frozen...To alleviate the need for steel drums we are now stocking wooden barrels...Pity the kid who's at that awkward age when he's old enough to read Esquire, but too young to understand it...The WPB estimates that reducing the length of wooden matches by a quarter of an inch, seven million board feet of lumber can be saved...The Saturday Evening Post is now stitched with two wire staples instead of three, to save 45 tons of steel annually...The West Coast Lumbermen's Assn. reports that the average lumber production for the five weeks in December was only 61.3 per cent of capacity...Kiln drying of lumber was first employed in this country near Norfolk, Virginia, in 1879...Once upon a time the only legs that were painted were on tables and chairs ...The ninth edition of Small Home Guide is now available for the asking. There are 90 pages of maintenance and repairs ideas... Clare Booth, wife of Time's, Life's, and Fortune's publisher, Henry Luce, entered Congress this month. She was elected with scarcely as much as a nod from her husband's influential publications...Things must be getting up to date around the Owens Valley Electric Co. We just received a bill that covers service and materials for the past 42 months...

Behind the Bandsaw—

The big, buxom wench was taken before the court and charged with being a nuisance.

"What's your name and address?" questioned the court.

"What am de diff'rence, Jedge?" replied the colored girl. "Yo' wouldn't call on me, no how."

—SD—

Elmer says, "I'm dancing with tears in my eyes, 'cause the girl in my arms is costing me 10c a dance."—The Liquid Line.

—SD—

"Now what we gwine do 'bout dat billy goat in de crate, boss?" asked the colored employee at the express office. "He's done et where he's gwine."

—SD—

Girl: "Haven't we met somewhere before?"

Boy: "I don't know, but you certainly taste familiar."

—SD—

"Why you low-down, knock-kneed, bow-legged, double-jointed, spavined, horse-collared, wheat-faced rat; you no account, dirty little heel!"

"Who's dirty?"

—SD—

"This 'Insufficient Funds'—does it refer to me or the bank?"

—SD—

"I suppose you have been in the Navy so long you are accustomed to sea legs."

"Why, lady, I wasn't even looking."

I LIKE THE WAY
IT GOES ON.
AND THE WAY
IT STAYS ON.

SELF SMOOTHING

Kyanize
FLOOR ENAMEL

THE *LIFE* OF THE SURFACE

It's vital now to preserve the life of your floors, and Kyanize *self smoothing* Floor Enamel is the life preserver you need for wood, concrete or pattern-worn linoleum floors. Glides under the brush. Dries for traffic in six hours. Covers solidly in one coat. Waterproof. Wide choice of colors.

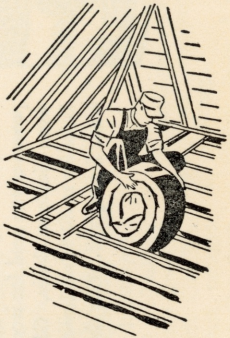
YES ..YOU CAN REPAIR AND REMODEL NOW

No restrictions on needed repairs

You can repair and maintain your roof or sidewalls or other parts of your home if they are in need of repair.

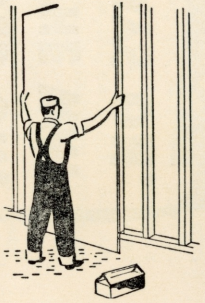
Prepare for possible fuel rationing

Insulate your home – have greater comfort – save fuel – we have a stock on hand – you can insulate now.



More storage space

We have 2 big books crowded from cover to cover with good ideas . . ways to make your home more livable right now . . at low cost . . get your copies.



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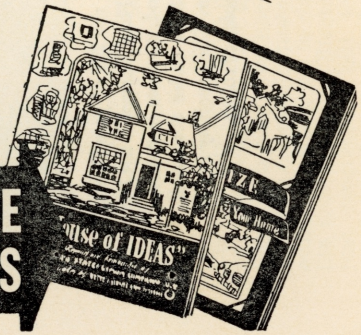
669 HOME IDEAS